## The Bayou Sugarhouse

Nancy made this remark to no one in particular, because she was all alone, unless she addressed some crows perched in three big pecan trees in the centre of the pasture a short distance away. One of them seemed to appreciate the feelings which made her bright grey eyes dim and long lashes wet, for he answerthe ripe pecans which dropped with a thud in the short grass below.

Nancy stood in the open doorway of the erstwhile majestic sugarhouse in Iberia parish on which her grandfather had lavished very many thousands of dollars, in-firite care, and much pride.

Those open kettles! Nancy could still feel the trill of pleasurable excitement of her childhood days, when Parosine held her hand, while she watched the bub-bling, boiling cane julce. How she loved to see the men at the kettles skim it with their long-handled skimmers, pass it on from "ia grande," where the first raw juice seethed, to "la moyenne," and so on, until the smallest was reached.

How she loved the vaperous fumes which filled the air with a delightful smell of boiling candy, perceptible miles away from the sugarhe blew in your direction.

Phrosine always wore stiff-starched blue

Poor old Phrosine! Nancy still missed How she would scold and threaten Ned

that he should never come to the sugarhouse, he was so bad, so wicked! But Ned had always slipped away from her, would turn his impudent laughing face and shake his short yellow curis de-fiantly while he climbed the steep steps which led up to the serpentine pan, stand-

ing in the centre yonder.

The old pan, so rusty and black, on the pride of the sugarhouse, because the monster vacuum pans of today were just beginning to assert their superiority when Nancy was a little girl.

A chill, frosty breeze from the bayou. blezen in through the broken panes of the window in the small room where her father used to sit at his deak, close to the long range of boiling kettles, made the shutter creak on its rusty hinges as

the vast old sugar house The big flywheel she so drended us it revolved silent, rapid, and relentless was motionless, and spiders hung their fantas-

tic webs between its spokes great rollers from which the grey cane juice poured, while the bagasse, crushed out of all semblance of its former state, threaded its mangled down yonder, looked grim and forbidding in their sullen repose.

The empty carrier, no longer straining to bring up its heavy load, stretched down to the cane shed, where the wind blew the dry dust in whirling eddies around the wide empty space.

Nancy glanced up and wondered that the old clock, with its big swinging pendulum was still riveted to the wall. She did not know that superstition had kept all maranding hands away, because the hour marked by its motionless nee-dles was the fatal hour at whose stroke Colonel Strathmore, her father, fell in the let through his heart.

Now that Nancy had reached the re-spectable age of twenty, with all the experience her motherly care of Ned and her strongle with ruin and poverty had brought to her vigorous young mind, she understood the difficulties which had beset Justin Strathmore in his vigorous efforts to build up anew and redeem the fine old place and bring back the pros-

perous days of yore.
"All he needed was a few more years. Then how happy we three would have been in our beautiful old home!" Nancy thought, as she sat down on the steps, and taking a letter from her pocket began to read Nei's description of his recent examination at college and his hopeful enthusiasm over his studies of engineer-

"If I can only keep on for two more years and graduate with first honors, sia, dear, as I intend to do, I'll get a fine posi-You won't have any more bother I'll take care of you. You'll see, Nan, dear.'

Nancy put the letter back in her pockleaning against the lintel began exert her utmost ingenuity to plan ways and means by which to keep Nedthat clever, bright, ambitious lad, pride and delight, at his engineering studies, so that he might be equipped for the stern struggle before him.

The old sugarhouse, with all its once magnific at, now useless, rotting machin-ery, for whose perchase Justin Strathmore had put the mortgage on the place, which had finally delivered it over into hands gazed at her through its open doorway with a melancholy sistence which semed to predict failure

But westward, where the sun was slowly sinking, the gorgeous crimson of the late October afternoon greeted her like a radiant smile of hope and courage

'Poor darling old dad! He did for the best. Had he lived it would have been all Nancy murmured, and from his high perch in the pecan tree out in the pasture, where the cows were being driven homeward for the night. Nancy was schoolmistress for a lot of

rough, good-natured, noisy children. They were Dunois', the overseer, It had been through compassion for the forlorn young daughter of his former em-

ployer, and because Nancy was so cour Pierre Dunois had asked her to come and teach his children, with halting excuses, for the smallness of the price he could

It was an offer Nancy gladly accepted, for were they not both houseless and meless the day after the sale of the old place by the sheriff?

So Nancy went to live in a small whitewashed cortage, taught his uncouth, good-hearted Acadian children, tried to get on amicably with his ill-tempered wife, and sent Ned to a distant school, where the how grew big and tall and strove hard to the brave and beautiful girl, so patiently teaching her dull, shy, simple-hearted

The difficulty to be met seemed indeed nsurmountable. Nancy's earnings were small; not a ves-

tige remained of the profuse and glitter-ing wealth which had been theirs, and the expenses for Ned's tuition had in-I will not ruin his career by letting

him stop his studies and go to work in some store or mill." Nancy murmured. The setting oun threw her a parting nile amid a burst of crimson glory and Nancy smiled back, so certain she was of the message of encouragement con-

Some one coming quickly along the road skirting the sugarhouse stopped abture before him. Nancy sitting on the broken steps, the background of the dark and gloomy sugarhouse behind her, the gular perfection of face and form, and

Evidently the crow felt a friendly in-

"You poor old thing! I love even your | caw! must have been an expression of

Nancy turned and met the gaze of two keen, dark eyes.
"Would you kindly tell me how far off "Would you kindly tell me how far off "Breathmore place?" I am from the old Strathmere place?" the owner queried, coming forward and standing bareheaded before her.
'This used to be Colonel Strathmore's

place," Nancy answered, thinking what a ed back, 'Caw! Caw!' unheeding pleasant, intelligent face this grey-haired "Was this Justin Strathmore's sugar-

house?" he asked, his eyes sweeping over the once fine old brick structure, with a look of keenest interest.

Nancy nodded, surprised at the famillar use made of her father's name, and still more prepossessed by the kindliness and strength in the somewhat rugged face of

"Poor fellow, I just heard all about in

"He left two children, I understand, a boy and a girl I'm told. Do you happen to know anything about them? I've been out West so long I lost track of Justin." Yes. Nancy said she knew them both. The daughter lived down the road, not far away. The son was studying to be a

'Can you tell me if anything was left of Strathmore's property? They said he

left his children penniless."

A deep flush spread over Nancy's face. "You are speaking to his daughter," she children from all want, and would have

"His daughter! My dear young lady,
I beg a thousand pardons! We were at
college together. Did your father ever
tell you of the service he once rendered
James Kirkwood? How he—" The stranger paused.

"Father often spoke of you, but never of any service." Nancy said, while James Kirkwood heid her hands in a warm grasp and looked approvingly at Nancy's Messrs. Ludwig and

"How do you live?" he asked thruptly. "Very well. I teach Mr. Dunois' six of £5,000 for the great deer forest of in-children," she said inughingly. vergatid, which belongs to Mr. Haldane

There was a pause, and Nancy took

child? You must not mind my asking. Your father was the best friend I ever had. He proved it on an occasion when is generally for the benefit of their friends.

"It is very, very small pay, but he is not rich; and he is kind," Nancy said, "We were homeless when Strathmore

look of the deepest pain coming over his

Then Nancy explained that in two years' time Ned would start making a support for them both and meanwhile well, Theophile and Babin and Titine liked her, and she was fond of them.

There was a mysterious stir and strange whisperings in the old sugarhouse, while front steps, and talked long and earnestly "I knew the day would come," the clock said, peering anxiously forward,

"Who knows? We may yet hear the hiss of steam, and feel the throb of the piston. I am weary of this motionless quietude, this everlasting silence," mur-"Bah! Bah! Human folly is almost as

sheer folly and wickedness to abandon the knawing tooth of rust and the cruelties of time," said the great reliers down. in bitter discontent.

2A few additions here and there, some

"A few additions here and there, some stags; the rest get more exercise than alterations, and the Strathmore mill could they care about and an excellent opporthose poor orphan children from rula. "But who cared? It was to the interest

of those who let the place go under the auctioneer's hammer, to decry us, to prate of new machinery, and of Justin Strathmore's folly in bankruptcy himself for his sugar house."
"I hope I am not too weak to do the

work," said the carrier anxiously. "They his father's deer forest from an English load me so heavily. How pleasant to manufacturer, who was notorious for his once more jog along, and see the cane run through the crushers. I hope they'll

"He's planning it all," the wind said rushing heatily in, and carrying the news to the vats, the turbines and the drying

"I heard him tell her. He says there's oney in this old sugarhouse yet."
"There is: there is! They have known it, and I am weary of guarding the secret. Oh, if James Kirkwood would only con and break open this door," said the deak which leaned rickety and rotten against the wall, just beneath the motion ess pendulum of the old clock which

"Justin was right. I'll carry out his idens," Kirkwood said, as he and Nancy came in and looked around. The voices of the old sugarhouse bugged

of the place enveloped them. "Wouldn't it be glorious to call it back to life?" Nancy said in an awe-struck

ting by, that set the pendulum of the great

You are not afraid?" Kirkwood said milingly, stretching out to stop the vi-

Nancy afterward said there was strange murmurings around, and a force which pushed James Kirkwood against the desk. It fell with a crash, which reverberated rough the vast old building and mingled with Nancy's cry as she clung to his arm.

The iron door in the wall, when prized en by Kirkwood revealed a very large um of money and memoranda placed there for safekeeping by Justin Strath-

"It is yours," Kirkwood said, placing the box in Nancy's hands. "But let me join you in rebuilding this grand old We'll take back Strathore," he added, pleadingly. Nancy looked long at the fine, earnest

face before her, and with a tremulous smile stretched out her hand. There was wild glee and exultant co-

motion among the shadows of the old "At last! At lest!" they cried.
"I told you so," the wind laughed, shrilly, as it tore through the building

"I did it," said the great clock triumphantly .- New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Costly English Shooting.

There is excellent grouse shooting in England from Derbyshire northward, and country of sport par excellence, and is said to extract half a million annually from England by way of rent alone, Every sportsman knows that the payment of rent is only the beginning of expenses. Distressful Ireland would afford excel-

work uncontrolled all over the country. Evidently the crow felt a friendly in-terest in the young girl in a dark blus gown, sitting so motionless. His caw! sporting estates the Earl of Dalhouste

is said to receive over £8,000 a year in rent. In Sutherland the Duke of that name is reputed to take more than £30,-00 a year for his various shootings if they are all let, the Duke of Westminster

being one of his chief tenants. Shooting in Scotland has never been cheap, but rents have risen apace in the last few years. Every man who makes a fortune wants a shooting estate north of the Tweed, and is prepared to pay almost any price for it, with the result that grouse cost more to the sportsmen than pheasants; and deer sometimes come out at a three-figure sum per head. And even now one is told that the top prices have not been reached, and that a in some new country or in West or South Africa will be followed by a further rise

in the price of sporting estates.

The cost of a grouse moor is very heavy.

Some of the Scotch shootings run well into four figures for rent alone. The ordina-ry expenses of living have to be added, and in considering them one must rememmust come a long way by rail and road. Many good sporting estates are from ten to twenty miles from the nearest railway station, and a big house party is ab solutely necessary if the members of the family who do not shoot are not to die

At the same time small shootings can be picked up in the less fashionable coun ties, where decent accommodations can be secured at small cost in the local inn or at a farmhouse; and the man who goes down to shoot and has no other desires the writer rented a well-stocked shooting in the northwest of Scotland, and had nearly ten weeks of first-class sport, and aid, looking straight at him with gentle | the total cost of the holiday came out a

If grouse moors are costly, they are made Strathmore as prosperous as it used cheap when compared with deer forests, to be if that cruel builet had spared his which are the most expensive sporting luxury of Great Britain. In the shires, and there are some fine Island for ests in the neighborhood of Jura, Mull,

Rents are enormous. For example, Messrs, Ludwig and Sigismund Neumann, the well-known South African mine owners and financiers, are said to pay a ren vercauld, which belongs to Mr. Haldan-Farquharson, and extends from Perth shire into Aberdeenshire. This year the back her hands and smiled radiantly, grouse moors, in spite of the absence of and explained that she also did gardening on a small scale with old Jim, and commercial depression, and high taxes; sold her beans and cabbages in the vil- while, if certain notable forests are unlet, it is generaly because owners ar shooting them. It is noticeable that few deer forests, and if they do rent one t Funny stories come to London from time to time of deer shot by the stalker at the request of wealthy beginners, who could not hit a deer to save their bank balance; "Great God!" Kirkwood exclaimed, a to reilize that money-making in his cities is but poor preparation for the difficulties

of deer stalking. Many of the forests include hundreds of acres of grouse moor and afford excellent fishing and cover shooting. They are bags are limited by arrangement. In spite of the thinning down that occurs annual-ly, the supply of deer remains constant and the tendency is to increase the area Nancy and John Kirkwood sat on the of forest land and break up some of the big forests into two or even three shootland annually is said to reach the spectable number of 5,000, and while the forest country remains as sparsely tenanted as it is today there is no reason why the supply should diminish.

Deer stalking has been discussed so oft-

en that it is late in the day to say any-thing about it. A man needs to be in the undless as human greed. It was folly pink of condition to meet with any success, and to attempt the work with previous preparation is to court a break-down. The strong limbed, sound-winded, keen-eyed, level-headed men get the tunity for the use of profane language Naturally enough Scots are the best deer stalkers in Great Britain, the number of Englishmen who shine at the sport being comparatively small. "They do the paying and we do the killing," said a young Scot to the writer a couple of years ago, taking from his pocket for inspection a four-figure check received for rent of his father's deer forest from an English inability to kill his own hand-reared pheasants early in October.-London Ex-

While the public never heard that Sam Strong, the dead Cripple Creek millionaire, was noted especially for his charity, men who knew him well say that he never neglected an opportunity to help in a substantial manner any person whom he thought deserved assistance. In a way Sam Strong was a philanthropist, but the world would never know it if it waited for him to tell the fact.

Strong gave freely, without estentation or display of any kind. Attorney Frank C. Goudy, who had a close personal ac-quaintance with the millionaire, says that Strong was one of the most liberal men

"Strong had a heart in him as big as it ould be," remarked Mr. Goudy in discussing the good side of the man's life I never knew him to refuse financial aid to any person who was in distress if he merited help. Hundreds of people, principally struggling miners, have go Strong within the past few years with strong within the past two years and tales of hard luck or misfortune and he has invariably responded liberally.

"Strong was a modest fellow. He distiked to talk about his gifts to charity,

and always instructed his beneficiary to open his mouth about it. 'Just keep was the way he addressed people after giving them money to help them along. I should say that he has given away in this

manner \$100,000 or more. "I will tell you a little instance of his charity. Last Sunday he was up in my office talking with me over some business matters. At that time he was perfectly sober and in as pleasant a frame of mind as he could possibly be. While we were in conversation a borny-handed, grizzled id miner came in. H said he had been at Cripple Creek five years ago. Strong ecognized him and asked what he could to for the old fellow. The latter replied that he was on his way to Utah to work a mine, and that he needed cash to help him to his destination. He had his ticket, but no money to pay for his meals en route If Mr. Strong would loan him a few dollars he would pay him as soon as he got

to work, he said.

"As Strong reached for his pocket and drew forth several ten-dollar bills the milionaire remarked: I'll let you have some cash if you'll promise not to return it. How much do you want?

"Just about IS, Mr. Strong," replied the miner.

"Just about 15, Mr. Strong,' replied the miner.
"Well, I'll make it \$10," said Strong. No, I'll give you \$55, but you'll need some cash to pay your board and buy clothes with after you get there. I'll just make it \$50. That is all I have with me, and if you need any more later write me. You're a good fellow, and I want to help you a little bit." The old man protested against teking so much, but Strong lasisted, and he final-

iy went his way feelin; very grateful.
"I know of scores of cases of this kind.
Strong was a man who lived up to the
good old text about never letting the left
hand know what the right hand doeth."—
Denver Post.

### A Berkshife Ghost Story

Timothy Dole, or "Old Tim Dole." he was called by his associates, was a great and powerfu blacksmith in a quiet little village among the Berkshire hills. Tim was an horest, hard-working, kindnearted man, and a great favorite with all the country people for miles around, in spite of his being morbidly superstitious lieves it he and a firm believer in spirit rapping, your views."

haunted houses, and ghosts.

Tim's dearest friend, Farmer John Davis, or "honest John," as he was every-where known, was always chiding Timothy about his belief, or, as John would put it, his "foolishress" Still, whenever they had an hour to

spare, they were sure to get together, and the talk always turned tto "ghosta" and 'spirit rappings.'

were much together. It was Tim's delight to close his shop early and drive to his friend's house and spend the long wintry evenings by the fire in the farmhouse kitchen, expounding his favorite views on

Although John Davis professed to be an unbeliever in spiritualism, and was known as "honest John," he could vouch for more bloodcurdling ghost stories and thrilling adventures than any other man about the country, and Tim was an earn-

ble for a "true story," was about a hauntghost. The old house still stood in the tempted to prepare the morning meal there always appeared beside the kitchen dove a man without a head, but with a horrible. There was only one cause for

rime had been committed there; a most est peddler, who merely sought a night's his breakfast. Then the fiend who did the awful deed escaped by stealing a herse from the barn behind the house.

The years had come and gone and the murderer had not been found, and to this very day no one had yet been able to live horses stabled in that barn, no matter how securely fastened, would become un-tied during the night by some mysterious hand, and scamper wildly away, even when strong ropes or heavy chains were

John Davis had never fastened a horse been a very religious and fust man, had

Even John's own mother, who had been noble Christian woman, had actually seen the headless man sitting beside the fire in that old haunfed house upon two different occasions, and although John said he did not believe the tale himself, he always added, when telling it: "And father's word was as good as Bi-le truth, and everybody knew that

nother could not lie." And Tim believed it all, and would hardly have ventured home at night if he had not kept his horse with him to keep him

Now as it happened that these two old men would often meet and tell their tales, they sometimes had a listener, a young man who loved humor and occasionally dropped in to hear their stories. His name was George Coues. He was a sign-der youth with much learning and refine-ment. He was a nephew of Deacon Cowee, a wealthy farmer living a short distance from the Davis place. He always agreed with Tim, but he had

no more faith in "Tim's views" than John himself, but he liked Tim, and he liked to hear him talk. It was very amusing. The night before Christmas he happened into John's kitchen, and there he found Tim, who, as usual, was telling about "the dead coming back" and "communicating on tin pans," and, as usual, John loudly declared it was all "bosh" and

Tim had just been down to the city, Tim had just been down to the city, where he had attended a full-fledged spiritual meeting, and he was stronger than ever in the belief, and had many Cowee, and this is what it said:

CURRENT HUMOR

(From the Baltimore American.)

His Comment.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

His Disappointment.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

A Philippine Rhapsody.

(From the Manila Freedom.)

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Absent Minded.

(From Tit-Bits.)

Now it happened that his left-hand neighbo

"Not a bit of it," replied the stranger hasti-

Johnny-Paw? Paw-Well, my son.

(From the New York Weekly.) (From the Chicago Journal.) Wife (laughingly)—Thee are some excruciatingly funny jokes in the paper about women going shopping all day and never buying anything.

Husband (hotly)—Yes, but they're lies. The Eighth Wonder.

Sympathetic Interest. (From the Philad-lphia Record.) "You say you have a wife and five children?"

"Yes sir; that is why I am forced to beg," replied the mendicant.

"Too bail." marmored the man, sympatheti-cally. "Is work so scarp you can't get a job for any of them?"

(From the Philidelphia Press.) (From the Philadelphia Press.)

Mrs. Bargen-Hunt—I tilink that druggist is just too mean for anything.

Mrs. Mainchants—Why?

Mrs. Bargen-Hunt—He advertised that he would sell thirteen atamp for 25 cents. I spent 5 cents car fare to take advantage of his offer, and he gave me twelve too and a one.

The Folly o Wisdom.

(From the Chicago Record-Herald.)

"It seems to me that pets make a whole lot of absurd declarations and manage to have them accepted as words of vision. Here, for instance, is this line: 'It's filly to be wise.' How can any man with ordinar sense believe that?"

"Well, I don't know. There may be a good deal in it, after all. It's claimed, you know, that only intellectual peole have hay fever." The Happy Husband.

(From the Baltimre American.) Once there was a Happ Husband. His Wife had just taid Him that he would not Need a New Bonnet, as it was nellonger the Fashion to wear Hats. Next day she told Him hat instead of Buying rear Hata.

Next day she told Him hat instead of Buying.

Twenty-Dollar Hat, se had Purchased a

Hty-Dollar Astrono.

Moral-it is best to Sprig your Laughter When

A Heritagof Woe. (From the Philadiphia Record.) Tommy-l'op, I know fow what the Bible means when it says the his of the father shall be winited upon the califor. Tommy's Fop-And headld you find out, my

son! Tommy-Well, you kets the boy that just moved across the affect! His father's a base-ball unpite, and the result us fellows don't do a thing to that kid.

(From the Chago News.)

(From the Chago News.)
"I came very near cathing the biggest man I ever saw this morning, said the shark. "He was fully ten feet tall of must have weighed at least 200 pounds. I as just about to nabhim when a dinky electridaunch dashed between us and he got away. Fight, luck, wasn't it?"
"Tough luck mothing," joined the sea serpent. "Say, if you don't changube brand of sailt water that's now trickling thuch your system pretty soon you'll have the jinites. The men stories you have been getting of lately are something heree." (From the Scottish American.)

A Highland hotelkeeper was one day having a squabble with an Englishman in the lobby of of the hotel about his bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London. The Highland landlord replied 20th, nac doot, sir, race doot; but dae ye no ken the reason?"

"Not a bit of it." realized the stranger batis."

Changed Is Mind. (From the Detro Free Press.)

"No." said Mr. Fosdickilecidedly, "I tell you once for all, my daughte that I cannot think of letting you marry til young man. Why, he's nothing but a poor zmer.

"Poor furner, papa!" peated Miss Fosdick.
"I guess you don't kneethat Reuben has ten arrested for testing the page."

I return I will let you know it through the spirit. I will rap on the headboard of your bed at night. Spirits are always around at night, and I shall rap very softly at first, then louder than a base drum, so that you will know that it is I. George Cowee, and no matter what hour it is you must hasten here to John's house and tell him. I am sure that if he be-lieves it he will at once be converted to

shelf struck 19, and the young man added:
"Ah, John, that you may also know
that I have passed away, I will ring that clock. I will ring it for an hour, and wake you and your wife up and keep you awake the whole time." George Cowee was only jesting, and he smiled as he Weeks and months went by, and noth-

It was now the beginning of May

done in the springtime. Tim was kep very busy. John Davis was also hard at work. One Tuesday, May 4, John had plowed all day, and when night came he

In the middle of the night he and his the clock in the kitchen. They thought it was 12 o'clock, but the clock did not stop when it had struck 12, but struck on "What in thunder alls that clock?" he

exclaimed and he got up and went into the kitchen. He shook the old clock, but it would not stop ringing. He took it down from the shelf and laid it on its back upon the kitchen table, but he could not stop it from striking. It rang fully an hour, until John was tempted to throw it out into the yard; then it ceased as suddenly as it began, and was as quiet as

"The old clock is worn out!" John said. "I must get another one," and he returned to his bed and slept. It was hardly daylight when he heard

team driving into his yard. Going to the door he beheld his old friend Tim. Tim was all excitement and his voice trembled as he called out to John from

night? "Well-yes," John answered; "but how did you know that?"

"Don't you remember George Cowee, and what he fold us about his spirit manifesting itself to us? If you don't I do, and I am sure George

"Nonsense!" John cried, rascal is probably alive and kicking." "Nonsense or no nonsense," Tim said,
"I believe he is dead, for all night I could thinking about the spirits, there came a rap upon the headboard of my bed, faint-ly at first, and then when I asked if it was George Cowee's spirit, such a thump-ing and bumping you never heard. It was louder than a bass drum. As soon as daylight I made haste to come to you."
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed John; "you had

the nightmare, sure enough;" he said. But Tim sadly shook his head. He knew it was the "spirits." "Come down to my shop this afternoon and we will talk about it," Tim said as

he drove away.

That afternoon John went down to the "Not because I want to talk about ghosts," he said, "but to have Tim put a

new shoe on my mare."

As Tim worked on the mare's foot they fell to talking, and naturally the conversation drifted to the strange events Before they had finished talking about the rappings on Tim's headboard, Mr. Maxon, the station agent, came into the

shop, and he held in his hand a folded "I saw your wagen out there. Mr. Da vis," he said, "and I thought if you were going right home I could get you to deliver this message that has just come for

"Certainly I will deliver it." John anall things to see it. Why did you never ask me before."
"Because I never joined until I went paper and departed. in for swimming," retorted Lady Connie. like that."

wonderful things to relate.

When George Cowee arose to go that night he said to them:

"I am going away tomorrow—out West."

"Your nephew, George Cowee, was killed in a railroad accident here last night."

Both old men stared into the fire, silent, sad, thoughtful.—Waverly Magazine.

young men up, body and bones-does she natate, as the Americans say?" "Swim? Like a bladder of lard!" Connie disgustedly. "Walloping is the word for it. See here!" She puffed out her fair cheeks and waved her arms, and gave, on the whole, a not too exagger-ated imitation of the aquatic frolics of lady in question, and Molly shricked

with laughter. brimming eyes when the performance was

it in the water. Don't you have aquatic show off days, when the male club mem-bers race in the big swimming bath, and the women sit in the balconfes and bet or the favorite; and vice versa, when the women splash and the men look on? Molly's eyes twinkled as she stooped to duck her-make her appear an idiot when

screamed Connie, falling on her friend's neck in rapture. And they went together to the "Dips" club, and lunched at the ery next table to Mrs. Le Quesne, and he was very kind and condescending to Lady Connie-se much so that Lady Con-nie would have given worlds to be able to hurl a cutlet at her rival's head and Then, just before the second course, the urtains dividing the gentlemen's grill and the ladies' restaurant flew apartand Freddy Lorriker arese and drifted with the tide in the direction of his en-

chantress' table, "There's your little girl, Tippy!" said the enchantress, who had nicknames for

ger playfully. "Hang it, Nita!" protested the slave. urning as scarlet as his mustache-poor Connie called it "auburn"-"you're and! She-she heard what you said, I'm

"Ston." suggested Freddy Lorriker.

"Like an arrow," corrected Lady Connie. Then she gave a little nod to the
enchantress and another to Freddy and
tripped away, leaving two images before
the mental vision of the warrior, one being a fair, siender, virginal form clad in
clinging garments of pale blue and white,
with a jaunty cap on its golden hair, poised for a swallowlike flight; the other that
of a brunette of rather efflorescent personality and pronounced embonpoint
balanced awkwardly on the end of an
elastic plank. He writhed a little at this,
and excused himself by saying that he

elastic plank. He writhed a little at this, and excused himself by saying that he had a twinge of his African cramp.

"Little cat!" thought Mrs. Le Quesne, noting the inbored lie and reading Freddy like a book. And being a clever woman she then and there formulated her mental vow never to enter the club swimming baths under any possible circumstances. Had Lady Connie known of this resolution have been would have fallen to the ground. But she remained in ignorance—and was happy. The next frog match was for male club members, ladies being present on both balconies overlooking the swimming bath by invitation.

"So I must weit for my revenge," she said to Molly Verdon, as they sat together, leaning in the gilt balustrade and watching the aquatic gambols of the sterner sex (arrayed in complete suits of

to the proprieties).
"There is the Le Quesne," said Moily, kissing her hand to a man in a striped mauve swimming suit. Ah, it is Captain

"And he's going in for the thirty yards

"Do not be anxious, said her friend,"
"Captain Lorriker is not inclined to be
apoplectic, like that stout man in the
Guards. I felt really anxious about him.
Why, he is puffing and blowing already,
like the sealion at the Zoo!"
"Ah! They're off!" cried Mrs. Lo Quesne, as the four competitors launched themselves upon their sub-aquatic

of themselves upon their sub-aquatic journey. The guardsman came up to the surface snorting hideously before he had accomplished three yards; two of the others gave in about the middle of the course, but Freddy held on and won amid he will give it to her!" thought Lady Connie, viciously dinting her red under tip with one small white eyetooth. "Oh,

if I could ony tempt her in next ladies' frog match, I would—I don't quite know what I'd do, but—it should be something that should break her spell upon him, and bind him to me forever!

was such a lucky chance, as Molly Verdy-flushed with triumph and the smiles of the Enchantress, who meant to have the diamond frog-Freddy essayed the

"Oh, I wish he wouldn't!" mouned Lady Connie, as her beloved swarmed up the ladder that led to the elastic platform that overhung the deep end of the bath.
"Why not?" snapped her friend, unsympathetic for once.

"Because of his wound," moaned Con-nie, "and the cramp—that awful South African cramp! Suppose he swallows some water, and it isn't quite nice--"

"Ugh!" said Molly, shuddering, "And that brings it on. You know he has sworn off water since that South

Splash! Freddy had done the high dive. "Capital!" cried all the spectators.
"Bravo!" cried Mrs. Le Quesne, applauding from her balcony. "And what a long time be is stopping under water,

too! I had no idea Tippy could show off "He'll pop up now!" said the Guards-

But Freddy did not pop up, and a hor rible moment went by. Then a man shouted something and Mrs. Le Quesne

tittered and then screamed,
For before any of the paralyzed club members had roused to action, Lady Con-nie had risen, torn off her hat and jacket, sprung upon her chair, stepped thence to the broad ledge of the balcony and dived. The slight figure cleft the water of the swimming bath immediately over the spot where Captain Freddy had gone down, and in a breathless minute a dripping golden head emerged and half a dozen

swimmers leaped in to help the plucky maiden land her insensible burden. "She's got him in her mouth!" cried the guardsman, "like a young Newfoundthe collar of his striped swimming tacket with those strong, white teeth of hers, when, between the agenies of cramp

and the asphyxia of drowning, he lay feebly squirming at the bottom of the swimming bath. There is little more to say, except that Captain Freedy was brought round by brandy and hot blankets, and from that day the power of the Enchantress was

But when Lady Connie married the captain—which she did in the beginning of November last—she withdrew her name got him, and, so far as I have heard, she

The revelers at the Earl's Court Exhibition today will find a new feature. They will probably approach it with distrust, for it looks like a cross between a chemist's shop and a place for the distribu-tion of instant death. Nevertheless it is not only innocent, but beneficent, being an apparatus for providing food on the penny-in-the-slot principle. At the same time it does not in every case give up its good things for so small a coin. It de-mands varying numbers of pennies up to six, the sum being in accordance with the blessing bestowed. There are many slots, and if you put fourpence into one of them you get a nice tray bearing a small pot of sugar, a little jug of milk, a cup and of sugar, a little jug of milk, a cup and saucer, and a tasty teapot containing tea. You fill the pot with hot water at another part of the shrine, and you do so for nothing as often as you like, hot water and soda water being free in this latest product of civilization. Another gratuity is an arrangement for washing glasses. Tumblers are ready to hand, and if the one you get hold of has been used before you have only to press it upside down on a thing that looks like a big jumion.

her artfully darkened eyebrows.

"Oh, and then—you know jolly well," growled the miserable Freddy, whose power of repartee was as limited as his power of resistance, "she'll be hurt. You women are so jolly fond of hurtin' one another!"

But the eyes that met his next minute were untroubled—the face of Lady Connie perfectly screne. "How do you do?" she nodded to the captain. "Are you quite well again and shall we see you at the bimonthly frog match?"

"Frog match" was the newly invented term for a club swimming contest.

"Oh yes!" returned Freddy brilliantly. "That is—I hope so! Though I've no cause to be very fond of water—after South Africa."

"But there are no dead horses or Boers in our swimming bath!" said Lady Connie, "and the high dive is the best anywhere. Twenty feet deep that end, you

# Lady Connie's Plunge

"What chance!" gasped Lady Connie, know. Do try it one day, Mrs. Le Quesnel taking her fair, disheveled head out from among the cushions of her boudoir lounge, and drying her tear-stained eyes with an shut your eyes, and down you go, like absurd little gessamer handkerchief; what chance has a girl—a mere girl, who as only been out for a season and a

"None at all," said her friend, a rather plain, sensible young woman, with sporting tastes and tailor-made garments.

"Not the ghost of a chance!"

"Yet, she's over thirty—and makes up!" said Lady Connie viciously.

"Men prefer women over thirty," said Molly Verdon sententiously, "and I am nclined to believe that they lean to "Her waist is at least six inches larger

"Her wast is at least six inches larger than mine," Connie persisted.

"She is of the voluptuous and redun-dant type, I grant you," returned her friend; "but men like that too."

"Her boots are fives and her gloves sev

"She is given to pedestrianism and drives four-in-hand. Men adore that kind of thing," returned Molly, lighting a cig-arette. "My child, what perfect tobac-

"Captain Lorriker gave me the when he came home invalided from Africa. and--' "You got so chummy?"
"He-he was laid up at his aunt's in Beigrave Square, and-I visit there, you

"Or you did just then, and you used to drop in and spend the mornings and afternoons, and sometimes the evenings, reading and singing and playing to the wounded hero." Molly made a little bit of a grimace.

"It was only Christian chara;, Lady Connie with dignity. "He had a splinter of a shell in the muscles of his on the right side-"And little Connie thought that an arow, skillfully implanted in the left side, might serve as a counter irritant." Molly

exhaled a thin blue cloud of Türkish va-por and smiled at the water colors upon the wall. "Now, Captain Lorriker is "Almost; only he gets awful attacks of ernmp, and turns blue Every now and then. It has something

to do with the water in South Africa. He vows he will never drink another drop as long as he lives. "It's the kind of oath you can really rely on a man's keeping. But, tell me one thing. While you were playing, not Sister, but Cousin-in-Mercy, where was the

"In the Riviera. And Fred-I mean

Captain Lorriker-admitted to me that there had been what he called 'a slight entanglement, and promised to steel lear of such things for the future." "And you believe him? Goose!" "And then," went on Lady Connie, ris and down over the Morris carpets of her sanctum, her pale Liberty draperies trail-ing, her gold hair disheveled, her cheeks

the clasp of her Egyptian sliver girdle; "then she came back. Oh, it was degrad-ing! She just held up one of her fingers ed retriever he is. The Le Quesne is fa-mous for breaking in men. I rather ad-

and her eyes flaming with indignation and her fingers nervously wrestling with

mire her for it." "Do you? Well, if you're going to lunch with me at the 'Dips' Club, you will have the pleasure of seeing them to-gether. Both are members you know." "I thought the rules separated the sexes

at feeding time?"
"Nominally. But after the soup they draw the curtain that divides the ladies estaurant from the gentlemen's grill,

"And now you're one of the cracks, aren't you?" "I've seen some races and gained "Does she—I'll call the Le Quesne the Ogress, because she has such an endearof crunching eligible ing little way

"Jealous! Do you suppose?--" Connie was beginning when the other cut her Johnny-Say, paw, what is the eighth won er of the world? Paw-Wonder what Morgan will buy next. "Jealous? Of course you are! And, if Mrs. Scrappington (in the widst of her reading)—Here is an item which says that in Patagonia a wife can be purchased for \$1, Mr. Scrappington—Well, there may be wives in Patagonia that are worth that much.

Freddy Lorriker is looking on, and she inc., non-up her finger until she perishes, after that, without getting him back. Trust me! I know men!" sail Molly, "Oh! you dear, darling, clever thing!" "Well, I'll acknowledge I'm disappointed," srit Rivers sourly. "I acked at least fifty people today what I ought to take for my cold, and not one of them recommended quinine and whisky." "What did they recommend?" asked Brooks.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

The baby keeps averybedy awake.

"Why, even the carpet is without its nap since dear little Harold came!" exclaims the man, pointing to the path his feet have worn as he has paced to and fro.

But how mans mere humor becomes, in settings of tragedy such as these! all her victims, as she haughtily motioned the captain to an opposing chair. "Looks washy and lovelorn, doesn't she? Oh, you cruel man!" She shook her fin One of the finest instances of absence of mind on record is that furnished by a certain Oxford lon, whose "scholarly abstraction" frequently anded him in difficulties. Dining out one night, he suddenly became im-mersed in thought, and for a time sat gazing at its plate, evidently deeply engrossed in some nighty problem.

sure she did."

"And then?" The enchantress arched er artfully darkened eyebrows.
"Oh, and then-you know jolly well."